

HOSPITALITY

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The Open Door Community – Hospitality & Resistance in the Catholic Worker Movement

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May 2007

Delicate Hope

By Lauren Cogswell

Editor's note: Lauren Cogswell, a Novice at the Open Door Community, preached this sermon on Palm Sunday, April 1, 2007 as our call to the streets for Holy Week.

Forty years ago, on April 4, 1967, Martin Luther King Jr. preached a revolutionary sermon entitled "A Time to Break Silence" at Riverside Church in New York City. In that sermon Dr. King clearly defined his opposition to the war in Vietnam, and connected that war to the oppression of the poor in the U.S. I am humbled to share the pulpit with Dr. King on this Palm Sunday as we prepare to go to the streets for Holy Week, and to share this struggle toward liberation with Dr. King. Though the world continues to try to crush the spirit of King, his words live on everywhere justice pushes through the walls of oppression. I hope that as we hear excerpts of "A Time to Break Silence," Dr. King will continue to live on through us as we follow him, and as we follow Jesus on this path of truth, love and justice.

Dr. King began his sermon prophetically, naming our present-day struggle:

When the issues at hand seem as perplexed as they often do in the case of this dreadful conflict, we are always on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty; but we must move on.

I was on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty. The fourth anniversary of the war on Iraq was approaching. There remain 385 men locked up in the prison at Guantanamo Bay, being tortured, being denied access to a court hearing. Jose had just gotten out of 60 days at Fulton County Jail for using the restroom at Home Depot down the street. Tanya is lying in bed at Grady Hospital, slowly dying the death of homelessness. The Georgia Legislature is trying to make it easier for juries to hand out the death sentence. Carlton wrote me from Fulton County Jail: Is there anything I can do, he asks, to help him to get a court date? He's been in two years now, and waits like the kidnapped men in Guantanamo to stand up with what little he has left of his human dignity and tell the truth of his innocence to the judge. Our neighbors call us to complain about the trash, to wring their hands in fear about their houses and cars being broken into, and throw their trust again into the hungry hand of the prison slavery system which is all too eager to clean up their shadowed corners.

I was on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty even as we stood on the edge of the street, arms full of a delicate hope that flapped in the wind. We've been standing on the edge of our street every Sunday at noon, holding our signs calling for an end to the war, stretching out our hope for peace for the city. "How many fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers?" we cry. "No more war! No more war in Iraq or war on the poor! Our God is love! War is not the solution!"

Dr. King:

And finally, as I try to explain for you and for myself the road that leads from Montgomery to this place, I would have offered all that was most valid if I simply said that I must be true to my conviction that I share with all [people] the calling to be a [child] of the living God. Beyond the calling of race or nation or creed is this vocation of sonship and [sisterhood/brotherhood], and because I believe that the Father is deeply concerned especially for his suffering and helpless and outcast children, I come tonight to speak for them.

This I believe to be the privilege and the burden of all of us who deem ourselves bound by allegiances and loyalties which are broader and deeper than nationalism and which go beyond our nation's self-defined goals and positions. We are called to speak for the weak, for the voiceless, for the victims of our nation and for those it calls "enemy," for no document from human hands can make these humans any less our [brothers and sisters].

And as I ponder the madness of Vietnam and search within myself for ways to understand and respond in compassion, my mind goes constantly to the people of that peninsula. I speak now not of the soldiers of each side, not of the ideologies of the Liberation Front, not of the junta in Saigon, but simply of the people who have been living under the curse of war for almost three continuous decades now. I think of them, too, because it is clear to me that there will be no meaningful solution there until some attempt is made to know them and hear their broken cries.

I was on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty when she crossed five lanes of traffic to stand with us and to ask her question that would refuse to go unanswered. "Why do people want to make war? There is much suffering," she said. "There is much suffering in war. Why would anyone choose to make war?"

She stood beside me and shared the heavy burden of delicate hope, our orange *Close Guantanamo Stop Torture* banner. She was nine years old in 1966, living in Hanoi, when the U.S. began the heavy bombing of her city.



Christina Bray

Mother's Day Proclamation 1870

by Julia Ward Howe

Arise then...women of this day!
Arise, all women who have hearts!
Whether your baptism be of water or of tears!
Say firmly:
"We will not have questions answered by irrelevant agencies,
Our husbands will not come to us, reeking with carnage,
For caresses and applause.
Our sons shall not be taken from us to unlearn
All that we have been able to teach them of charity, mercy
and patience.
We, the women of one country,
Will be too tender of those of another country
To allow our sons to be trained to injure theirs."

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Mother's Day, continued on page 9

Federal Regulations: A Poem in Honor of Elaine Chao

By Roger F. Cooper

You promised to make them pay,
And never did.

You made rules — for fools.

Why do you call yourself, “Your Government?”

You manage middling,
But you do not govern well.

Why celebrate the deaths of Alabama,
Of West Virginia coal miners,
By failing to make the owners of the mines pay
For violations of laws they know well,
How to ignore?

When nuclear technicians died
Because dosimeter data lost,
Who paid the cost?

Fault lines grind rocks into powder,
Slowly.

That is what you do to us,
Who labor in the damp dark,
Who lie in fresh graves,
With bodies dead,
Unnecessarily;
Our wills and widows ignored,
Handily.

Thank you!

poetry corner



Julie Lonneman

Editor's note: Roger Cooper is a retired Psychologist who lives in Lady Lake, Florida. His poetry has been published in various poetry journals. He is also active in the Hoederlin Society and travels often to Tübingen, Germany for its meetings. Elaine Chao is Secretary of Labor in the Bush administration. David Moberg wrote of her in Newsday, “By law, Chao is required ‘to foster, promote, and develop the welfare of the wage earners of the United States.’ Given her record, American workers might want to make a symbolic citizens’ arrest of the secretary for breaking the law.”



The United States Social Forum

June 27-July 1, 2007
Atlanta Civic Center

Atlanta, Georgia
www.USSF2007.org

Recommended Reading

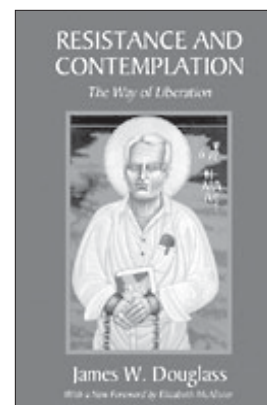
Growing Hope: Daily Readings

By Neil Paynter

ISBN 13: 978-1-901557-99-2

Wild Goose Publications

www.ionabooks.com



Resistance and Contemplation

The Way of Liberation

By James W. Douglass

ISBN: 1-59752-609-6

Wipf and Stock Publishers

196pg.

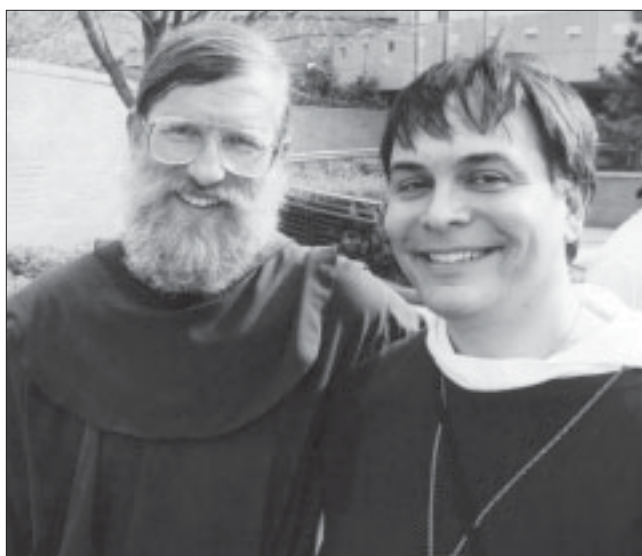
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HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is published 11 times a year by the Open Door Community (PCUS), Inc., an Atlanta Protestant Catholic Worker community: Christians called to resist war and violence and nurture community in ministry with and advocacy for the homeless poor and prisoners, particularly those on death row. Subscriptions are free. A newspaper request form is included in each issue. Manuscripts and letters are welcomed. Inclusive language editing is standard.

A \$7 donation to the Open Door would help to cover the costs of printing and mailing Hospitality for one year. A \$30 donation covers overseas delivery for one year.

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Calvin Kimbrough

Brother David, ofm, (left) and Brother Aelred, bsg, share smiles during Holy Week. Brother David is a frequent visitor from Mission San Xavier in Tucson, Arizona. He came to spend Holy Week on the streets. Brother Aelred lives here in Atlanta. He cooks our Monday Breakfast and helps us serve on Tuesday mornings.

Newspaper

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The Power We Have: Finding the Message from Blacksburg

By Murphy Davis

I was working on an article for this issue and musing on a number of news items that seemed to me to be pulling in the same direction. Leave it to our national press to forego connecting the dots.

In the past few months, there have been several articles about attacks on homeless men and women around the country — usually young attackers, usually male and generally white. Then there have been reports in our local news sources of repeated acts of violence against persons in custody in Georgia's state institutions; and in all of the reported violence, staff have made the attacks. Numerous patients in state mental hospitals have been killed, and many prisoners have been beaten and otherwise tortured by prison guards and other staff. Police (most notably of late in Atlanta and the metropolitan area) have in the recent past — again and again — shot and killed unarmed citizens. And then there have been the reports from towns and cities around the country of clearing out areas where homeless men, women and families have sought shelter from the storms of life — especially under bridges.

Each act of violence or official policy is reported as if it were an isolated incident. And all of this against the background of daily and weekly body counts from Iraq and Afghanistan. And against the background of the homegrown execution machine which continues to chew up and spit out the lives of our neighbors. And against the background of hearings on the violence, threats, lies and cover-ups at the highest levels of our government and its institutions.

And then there was Blacksburg.

Eduard and I were sitting in the Winship Clinic at Emory waiting to see my doctor for my three-month checkup (all is well — no cancer to be found, thanks be to God!). We generally try to ignore the chatter of the tube in the waiting room and Eduard often tries to convince the staff that television causes cancer. But there it was, streaming across the screen — Blacksburg, Virginia Tech. For us, as for all, the tragedy unfolded and we have grieved with the nation and with our friends who have been touched personally. Former Resident Volunteer Diana George is Professor and Director of the Composition Program at Virginia Tech, and we gave thanks to confirm that though she and her husband Chuck Harris are deeply shaken, she was not physically injured. German Professor Jamie Bishop was a winsome and promising young Methodist from Georgia and close to some of our friends.

In these times of senseless tragedy, we tend to all feel close to those who are hurt, drawn together in sharing the news. And we feel *generally* more connected during great disasters and times of great loss than in our everyday lives.

But it has weighed on me that this tragedy on a snowy spring day in southwest Virginia has fit all too well in the pattern I was already mulling over: a pattern of growing violence in our culture that is not unrelated to our most deeply held values.

In a repeat of reports on the Columbine Massacre (also in April — is April really the “cruellest month”?), the reporters quickly seized on repeating about Seung-Hui Cho, “He was a loner.” Is that supposed to mean, “He was not *one of us*”? Reports emerged to inform us of his mental health problems and that he was ridiculed and bullied in school. His classmates are said to have pushed him down and laughed at his speech impediment, pointing and taunting, “Go back to China!” (his family was from South Korea). One of the headlines read, “Experts: Shooter out of Textbook: Mass killers tend to be bullied, they say.”

Cho fit a certain “profile.” He had few friends and spoke to almost no one, including his roommates. He was bullied, blamed others for his unhappiness, and wanted to take revenge. He had been sent to mental health services, at least one psychiatric hospital, had stalked at least two young women; he filled many pages for class assignments with violent fantasies and methodical plans to harm himself and others. He resented the conspicuous wealth of other students; and, not least of all, he was a male. There is evidence that he liked violent films and video games, and it is clear that he had no trouble at all buying two powerful automatic handguns and a large amount of ammunition in a pawnshop close to the campus. Presumably, there were no questions asked and his purchases were not reported to anyone in spite of his psychiatric history.



Coalition to Stop Gun Violence | www.csgv.org

Many people have said what a “shock” this disaster has been. And of course, the magnitude and random nature of the tragedy *is* a shock. But will there come a point where we might find consensus that until/unless we take drastic action, we might as well *expect* more of these violent outbursts?

President Bush rushed to the campus to assure Blacksburg and the world that he feels deeply for those who have been hurt by the shooting and that his prayers are with them. The same sentiments have been repeated, and we do really mean it. We *do* feel sorrow; and we *want* to pray for the families and friends of the victims.

But we need a whole lot more than sentiment here. Mother Jones, the intrepid labor organizer of the late 19th and early 20th century, used to snort, “Pray for the dead. Work like hell for the living.” I personally believe that we need to pray for the living as well, but we definitely need to work like hell for the living, too. We need to make some very deep and very hard changes if we are going to really address what is happening. School shootings are, by now, not uncommon (what a horror to speak that truth!). Many schools make their students — even little children — walk through metal detectors to get to math class! And there are school systems that regularly employ armed police and security guards. Can’t we do better than this?

We can. And we know it.

The first no-brainer, it seems to me, is gun control. This is not a new issue, but because the National Rifle Association purchases the votes against anything that even sniffs of gun control, the killing spree goes on its gruesome way. It is time, friends and neighbors, to handle this one. The American people have actually been right on this hot political

issue and have wanted gun control for a long time. Now we have to demand it.

Over the past 30 years, I have known hundreds of people who have committed murder. For most of them, if a gun had not been present, there might have been a fight, but nobody would have died. A simple dispute between family or friends can be just that; but when a gun is available, a simple dispute can turn in the space of seconds into death, life-long heartache, prison and grief.

If Mr. Cho had had all the same issues of mental health, hatred, resentments and no gun, he might in fact have hurt someone. But without two fully loaded automatic pistols, he could not have killed 32 people and himself and injured 29 others. With his fists or even with a knife or a club, he could have done some significant damage; but a one-on-one physical fight can hardly be compared to the carnage one person can wreak in a very short period of time with one or more guns. Within 10 to 15 minutes, Seung-Hui Cho fired more than 175 rounds of ammunition. Guns make killing people easier, quicker and more efficient. Automatic and semi-automatic guns provide the most carnage in the least amount of time.

Let’s. Get. The. Guns. Off. The. Streets!
Now.

There is no need to wait for more victims. Each year in the United States, some 30,000 people die of gun violence — that’s about 80 per day, according to the Coalition to Stop Gun Violence. Because one person killed 32 at one time on a college campus, it was national news. But every day we lose two and a half times that number of people — many of them children — and it’s rarely mentioned as newsworthy. Our friends in other countries wonder how we could be so stupid. It’s time to help our legislators find the spine to stand up to the NRA and get the guns off the streets and out of American homes and dormitories.

The second issue I would raise is the problem of official violence. From the time he was 8 years old, Seung-Hui Cho lived in the United States. We don’t like to say it this way, but our country officially sanctions violence as the way to solve many, if not most, of our problems. Power equals violent domination. Don’t like a Middle Eastern dictator? Bomb Baghdad. Looking for Osama bin Laden? Make war on the already poor, hungry, and beleaguered Afghani people. Bad criminal? Kill him. Schools in trouble? Send in the police. Don’t like looking at the homeless poor in your public park? Make a law that forbids serving them food! Don’t like seeing them under the viaduct? Move them. (Where? Who cares? They are only trash to be swept under the rug of our city. So what if young men go out and beat them up for a little recreational violence?) Prisoners misbehaving? Let the guards beat them up, and we’ll just look the other way.

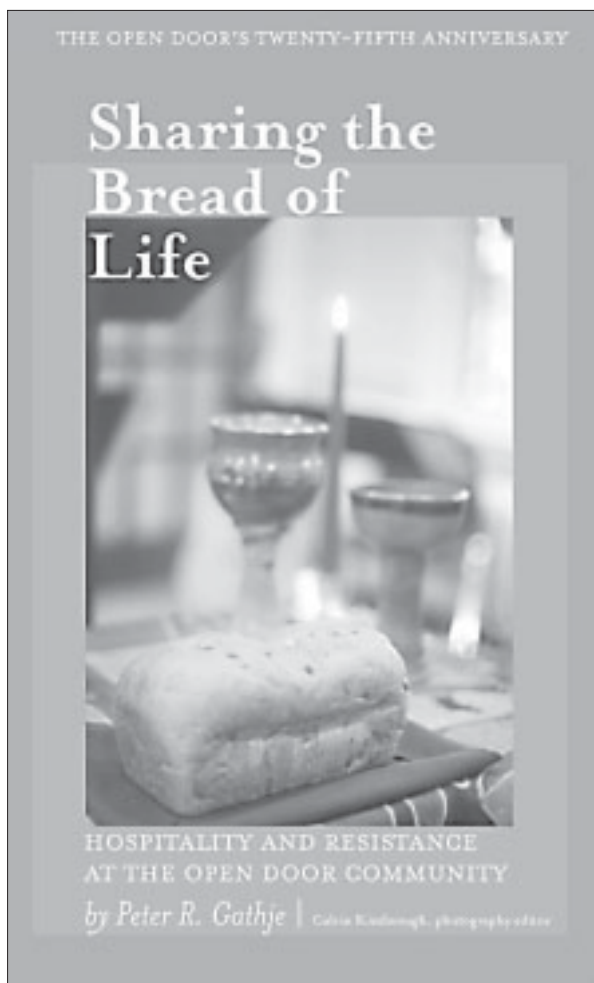
It’s a short jump to Abu Ghraib, Guantanamo, a U.S. Attorney General who excuses and makes a case for torture (even outsourcing torture to private companies!), secret prisons and “Extraordinary Rendition.” The torture and humiliation of Iraqi prisoners at Abu Ghraib “shocked” the nation. But we slapped a few low-level wrists, kept the questions from going any higher into the military ranks, and never allowed the dots to be connected between Abu Ghraib and the way we run American prisons. And the matter has been quickly and efficiently forgotten. Just as our complicity in the Blacksburg slaughter will be forgotten.

And of course one of the greatest symbols of our favored method of conflict resolution is the death penalty. Again, power equals violent domination. Why do we kill

The Power We Have, continued on page 9

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Sharing the Bread of Life Hospitality and Resistance At the Open Door Community

By Peter R. Gathje

Thank you (and thank Peter) for the modest yet glorious anniversary and its eloquent record. You put the warmakers to shame, and vindicate the Beatitudes as our true and only way, "choosing to be chosen."

*Blessing, gratitude
Daniel Berrigan, S.J.
New York, New York*

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A New Love Revealed: Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic

By Josh Woodruff

Editor's note: The Open Door's Harriet Tubman Free Medical Clinic is coordinated each year by second year Emory University medical school students. Jesse Jung and Josh Woodruff did that work this school year. In the process of shifting his field of study, Josh resigned from his scholarship and had to apply for another. This is the essay he wrote for that application.

*I slept and dreamt that life was joy.
I awoke and saw that life was service.
I acted and behold, service was joy.
—Rabindranath Tagore*

It was two o'clock on a Monday afternoon. I was cloistered in my usual spot in the bowels of Emory University's main library. I nervously flipped through the stack of flashcards in front of me — one card for every drug in pharmacology, all of which I needed to learn that afternoon. The empty coffee cups and vending machine wrappers sitting on my desk were a testament to the fact that this was not just any Monday. It was the week before one of Emory School of Medicine's infamous joint exams. I was in cramming mode, struggling to keep my head above water. My anxiety, however, was tempered by the reality that I had every hour of studying planned out for the next few days. If I worked diligently — and without interruption — I still had plenty of time to ace my three tests.

And then my cell phone rang.

"Hi Josh," a familiar voice said. "This is Miss B at the Open Door. Can you do me a favor?"

Miss B and I chatted for a few seconds before I agreed to meet her. I packed the flashcards into my book bag and made a hasty retreat from the library.

Motivated by a passion for social justice, I enrolled in the Emory School of Medicine with a desire to serve humanity through biomedical research. Specifically, I wanted to create vaccines for infectious diseases that disproportionately affected the developing world. As an undergraduate, I had the good fortune of traveling and working in East Africa, where I saw a sort of poverty that I believed to be a product of injustice. I wanted to do something about the problems of the poorest of the poor, and my niche, I believed, was in the development of vaccines.

It is with some chagrin that I must admit that, upon applying to medical school, I had no desire to practice clinical medicine. At the time, I believed that a medical degree would enhance my career as a research scientist by giving me a unique perspective into the function of the human body. However, as my Grandmother Zeigler once told me, in one of her many moments of folksy Alabamian pontification, "If you want to make God smile, just tell him your plans."

My story is predictable. As you might have guessed, my plans changed. During my first year at Emory, I got just enough of a taste of clinical medicine to realize that I really enjoyed it. First, there was the week I spent at Grady Hospital shadowing general surgeons. Then I was fortunate enough to be able to volunteer four or five times at free clinics throughout the course of the year. Something about clinical medicine was new and exciting to me on an emotional level. Interacting with patients — observing their sorrows, their joys, their clinical improvements, and their decline — provided me with a sense of connectedness that I had never experienced in the laboratory.

This clinical medicine thing was really growing on

me, so when I was offered the chance to run the free clinic at the Open Door Community, I jumped at the opportunity.

Miss B was waiting for me in the living room of the Open Door, sitting patiently and clutching in her tired hands a grocery bag that held a brown cardboard box. As I walked in the room, I couldn't help but think that she looked kind of like my Grandmother Zeigler — the same one who used to get so amused at my plans for the future.

"Hi Josh," she said in her usual nonchalant greeting. "Thanks for coming. I didn't know what to do with this blood glucose thing."

The week before, Miss B had been diagnosed with type II diabetes mellitus, probably secondary to her long-term use of medications for schizophrenia. As a part of managing her diabetes, she needed to be able to measure her blood glucose levels. A well-meaning physician had given her a blood glucose monitor, but Miss B didn't know how to use it. Operation of these devices is relatively straightforward, especially if you are familiar with them. Miss B, however, had never used one before, and at 72 years old, she needed some instruction.

Over the course of the next hour, I walked her through the process of taking her blood sugar. At the end of that hour, it was clear that she needed some more instruction. I went home that night, and when I could have been studying, I created line-by-line simplified instructions for her blood glucose monitor and printed them out in a font large enough for her to read. I returned the next day and spent another hour with Miss B walking her through the steps while reading the instructions with her.

When I came back to the Open Door on Thursday night for our weekly clinic, Miss B informed me that she could now monitor her blood glucose level on her own. I smiled.

Since May 2006, it has been my singular joy to be one of two coordinators for the Open Door's Thursday night free medical clinic. As clinic coordinators, my colleague and I operate a basic pharmacy, recruit volunteer physicians, organize student volunteers, and complete most of the other logistical tasks that go into running our clinic.

It was with a healthy fear of failure that I took on this serious undertaking of orchestrating medical care for people who have been cut off from many of society's resources — financial, social, or otherwise. When I first took on the role of coordinator, part of me forecasted a dreary task ahead — a demanding and time-consuming experience of providing health care in a resource-poor setting that, while trying, would eventually result in some sense of moral accomplishment. Essentially, I expected it to be a tough job, but my conviction for social justice compelled me to act, even if the task ahead was going to be challenging.

After a couple of weeks working at the clinic, however, I found my expectations of drudgework to be absolutely unjustified. I loved every minute in the clinic. I loved every single one of my patients. I loved hearing their stories of how they ended up on the streets. Most of all, I loved it when we could do something to alleviate any part of their suffering. I may have entered medical school as a research scientist with little interest in the clinic, but the Open Door revealed in me a love of clinical medicine that I now consider my purpose in life.

Last Thursday night at clinic, I took a few minutes to talk to Miss B. She was happy to report that she had mastered her blood glucose monitor and was starting to get

New Love, continued on page 10

STAND UP!

Part II: An Action Agenda for Undoing White Racism and Supremacy

By Brother Eduard-the-Agitator Loring

Editor's note: Dr. Eduard Loring, a Partner at the Open Door Community, spoke at a Social Justice Forum on Racism at First Iconium Baptist Church in Atlanta in February. The first part of his remarks was published in the April Hospitality. This is Part II of Loring's talk.

(1) The plight of state, local, and federal prisoners without access to money in our day can be compared with the plight of the garbage-worker strikers in Memphis in 1968. Penniless prisoners are black and white, but in states like Georgia, they are overwhelmingly black. And they are literally and legally slaves — in a system of penal slavery. As we reignite the abolitionist movement and Dr. Martin Luther King's Poor People's Campaign, let us return to the 13th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution and finish the work of abolishing legalized slavery in the United States of America. The amendment states:

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

As Connie Curry powerfully demonstrates in her film, "Intolerable Burden," there exists in the United States a pipeline filled with black children, men, and women — "from the cradle to the school to the prison," as Marian Wright Edelman recently said. This is the fateful journey of too many African Americans who are stranded in poverty today.

Prison slavery is one of the ways that white power continues to control black labor. Much of it goes on in our prison systems with no pay or only a pittance. This is legal. This is constitutional because the 13th Amendment did not prohibit prison slavery. This accounts for the tremendous numbers of black men in prison. This is the collusion between gangsta rap and the white-controlled public and private prison industry. There are cultural as well as political and economic forces forming young black men to expect and even want to go to prison. White racism in its most brutal and dehumanizing form is institutionalized in our schools and prisons. We must abolish legal slavery from the American Constitution.

Can you hear Harriet Tubman running in the woods? She carries a pistol under her dress.

(2) We must name, unmask, and engage the Republican Party for what it has become: the party of white supremacy. Mitch McConnell and Trent Lott point to the racial base, the racial politics that define the Republican Party today. George Wallace morphed into Barry Goldwater, who voted against the Civil Rights Bill of 1964 although three-quarters of the Party of Lincoln voted for it. Lyndon Baines Johnson and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. agreed in 1964 that the party alliances on the basis of race were switching. The Party of Lincoln became the Party of Strom Thurmond in September 1964 when he came clean and joined the Republican Party.

As Bush and Cheney demonstrate daily, the Republican Party is the greatest threat in our nation to democracy and racial and economic equality. This is not an appeal for everyone to become Democrats. This is an appeal to name and fight against racism wherever it is — and, friends and enemies, it is resident in the Party of Trent Lott and Condoleezza White Rice.

(3) Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. has been domesticated. Our hearts fester with a deep wound. Our minds are diminished. We have become the kind of people who will do nothing at all when our president creates a war, a pre-emptive strike, based on a lie.

No one would throw bricks, spit, bomb, or blow King's brains out today. He has become "antiseptic." He is a "plaster saint." He is good for business; he is a museum piece; he is a historical site; he is a good mainline Christian who won't rock the boat or walk on water. He is dead and gone. Even the Republican Party now claims him after their failed campaign to discredit him while he was alive.

Great scholars and activists like Vincent Harding, Clayborne Carson, Ched Myers, Taylor Branch, David Garrow, Connie Curry, Tim McDonald, Michael Dyson, and Nibs Stroupe have worked and prayed that the real King — the radical Democratic Socialist, the anti-war leader, the one who wants to undo racism with love and justice for all — can live and give us the word for life today. And now a new and powerful work has come to help us rejoice in 2007. Please read the most important work on King-the-Radical since Dyson's "I May Not Get There With You": Thomas F. Jackson's "From Civil Rights to Human Rights: Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and the Struggle for Economic Justice."

There is hope for resurrection. We must join hands and hearts and resurrect Martin King. There is hope for truth. There is hope that we can be who we ought to be in love and the Beloved Community. But we

must fill our bodies and our hearts with courage, risk-taking, and perseverance like that of Hollis Watkins in McComb, Mississippi, in 1964. Therefore:

(4) Let us build no more museums. Let us take no more commemorative Freedom Rides. Let us not simply walk over bridges or dust off the now long-empty lunch counter stools. Let us go to the streets! Dr. King is alive and well when the Radical Remnant (Dyson) of the Beloved Community is at war with the American Pie of Empire and the racist global capitalism that starves the majority of the world's sisters and brothers.

In fact, as I write this love letter to you, South Carolina, a Republican-controlled state, is No. 1 in the U.S. in hunger. More than 100,000 people in one of the smallest states in the Union are hungry right this minute, according to *The State* newspaper in Columbia.

In 2004, the Martin Luther King Campaign for Economic Justice was founded in Atlanta. The aims and purposes include rekindling the Poor People's Campaign on the streets and working with the Spirit of Dr. King to bring into the U.S. Constitution an "Economic Bill of Rights." Basic to our economic program is the implementation of Franklin D. Roosevelt's "Economic Bill of Rights," which he lovingly gave to the American people in his State of the Union address on January 11, 1944. Said our great president:

It is our duty now to begin to lay the plans and determine the strategy for the winning of a lasting peace and the establishment of an American standard of living higher than ever before known. We cannot be content, no matter how high that general standard of living may be, if some fraction of our people — whether it be one-third or one-fifth or one-tenth — is ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and insecure.

This republic had its beginning,



and grew to its present strength, under the protection of certain inalienable political rights — among them the right of free speech, free press, free worship, trial by jury, freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures. They were our rights to life and liberty.

As our nation has grown in size and stature, however — as our industrial economy expanded — these political rights proved inadequate to assure us equality in the pursuit of happiness.

We have come to a clear realization of the fact that true individual freedom cannot exist without economic security and independence.

"Necessaries people are not free people." People who are hungry and out of a job are the stuff of which dictatorships are made.

In our day these economic truths have become accepted as self-evident. We have accepted, so to speak, a second Bill of Rights, under which a new basis of security and prosperity can be established for all — regardless of station, race, or creed. Among these are:

- *The right to a useful and remunerative job in the industries or shops or farms or mines of the nation;*
- *The right to earn enough to provide adequate food, clothing, and recreation;*
- *The right of farmers to raise and sell products at a return that will give*

STAND UP!, continued on page 10

Holy Week with the Homeless 2007

Photographed and Compiled by Calvin Kimbrough



Monday 5pm Grady Hospital

John 12:1-11 Dick Rustay (left) leads us as we meditate on Mary's anointing of Jesus as preparation for his burial; and invites us to follow Mary of Bethany in pouring ourselves out in extravagant love for the healing of the suffering poor, anointing the presence of Jesus among us. Heather Barger (below) shares a story from her group's Vigil on the streets.



Tuesday 5pm City Jail

Luke 22:1-6, 31-34, 54-62 We gather to meditate on Jesus' betrayal. The jail is a symbol of our betrayal of the poor and our betrayal of God's trust to care for the human family. Matt Kubly (above) shares from his group's 24 hours of keeping Vigil.



Wednesday 5pm Woodruff Park

Mark 11:15-19 With the cleansing of the Temple, Jesus shows us how to tear down the materialism and greed that cause oppression and segregation. God wants our worship to be serving the poor and seeking justice rather than empty ritual or fancy buildings with Temple police. Bernard Ivory (below) shares a story from the very full ritual of his group's night on the streets.



Thursday 5pm City Hall

Mark 14:12-26 Jesus eats and drinks with his friends. How do we take up his call to follow him and give ourselves to the struggle for justice and solidarity? The Eucharist strengthens us for the journey. This celebration of freedom liberates us from the power of death, fear, and oppression. "Justice is important, but supper is essential." Tony Sinkfield serves Barbara Schenk as Diane Wiggins plays a melody on her flute during the Eucharist (right).





Thursday 5pm City Hall

Brother David Buer (left) leads the charge and blessing of those going out to keep Vigil on the streets for the next 24 hours.

Friday 5pm State Capitol

Luke 22:47-53, 22:63-23:49 Gathering in the same place we vigil when there is an execution at Jackson State Prison, we remember the trial and execution of Jesus of Nazareth and we become the Family of the Executed. Leading music for worship each day were Heather Barger (foreground on drum), Calvin Kimbrough and Lauren Cogswell (on around the circle on banjos). Photograph by Nelia Kimbrough



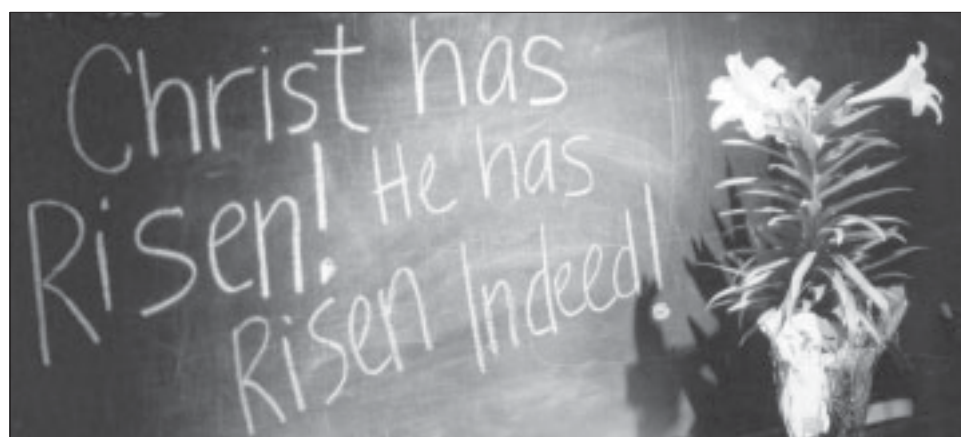
Saturday 5pm Pine Street Shelter

Matthew 27:57-66 Jesus has been executed; the power of death and oppression seems to have won. How do we believe in the power of life and liberation in such a time? How do we bear the awful silence? How do we believe in justice in a time of injustice? We gathered in a very cold wind to share the Litany of the Tombs (*Hospitality*, June 2006) and meditate on the "living death" of the homeless. We kept the Vigil Saturday evening sharing a supper with our friends from the streets and opening our home for a night of shelter.



Easter Sunday 8am Open Door Community

Luke 24:1-12, John 20:1-18 With Breakfast and Worship we celebrate. Jesus Christ is risen! The powers of death and oppression are defeated!



Delicate Hope, continued from page 1

She was ten years old when Dr. King preached this sermon, eleven years old when children ran burning from the My Lai massacre in 1968, and eleven when Martin Luther King was murdered for his resistance to the American Empire. We stood on the edge of our street and she told of the suffering of war. “There is much suffering,” she kept repeating. Her teacher and his family were killed while they sat at the kitchen table. “There was no food,” she said, “no clothing, no work.”

Her friends stood across five lanes of traffic, which could have been the Pacific Ocean. They went inside to eat lunch, wondering what made her stand on the edge of the street with words in her hands. She knew about war in her bones. She grew up on the bitter fruits of war. She spoke to me about hating Americans, about hating America.

“How could I understand?” she said. “I only saw the suffering and didn’t understand why America wanted to kill my friends and my family, why America was destroying my home. Why do people want to make war?”

“There is much suffering,” she said. “There is much suffering in war. Why would anyone choose to make war?”

Dr. King:
At this point I should make it clear that while I have tried in these last few minutes to give a voice to the voiceless in Vietnam and to understand the arguments of those who are called “enemy,” I am as deeply concerned about our own troops there as anything else. For it occurs to me that what we are submitting them to in Vietnam is not simply the brutalizing process that goes on in any war where armies face each other and seek to destroy. We are adding cynicism to the process of death, for they must know after a short period there that none of the things we claim to be fighting for are really involved. Before long they must know that their government has sent them into a struggle among Vietnamese, and the more sophisticated surely realize that we are on the side of the wealthy, and the secure, while we create a hell for the poor. Somehow this madness must cease. We must stop now. I speak as a child of God and brother to the suffering poor of Vietnam. I speak for those whose land is being laid waste, whose homes are being destroyed, whose culture is being subverted. I speak for the poor of America who are paying the double price of smashed hopes at home, and death and corruption in Vietnam. I speak as a citizen of the world, for the world as it stands aghast at the path we have taken. I speak as one who loves America, to the leaders of our own nation: The great initiative in this war is ours; the initiative to stop it must be ours.

I was on the verge of being mesmerized by uncertainty until she crossed

the street with her unanswered question. If we had not been on the street week after week, we would never have heard her story. If we had not chosen to locate ourselves on the side of the road holding our delicate hope in our hands, we would have missed her witness. If we had not been on the street week after week, her bones that know the truth of her suffering may not have had the space to cry out.

We go to the streets to listen to the voices of those who are voiceless in the halls of power, where deals are brokered over their lives and deaths. We are constantly in danger of forgetting. Even here in this house,

A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.

MLK Jr. | 1967

our bones can grow comfortable with our projects and routines. We become accustomed to our soft beds and warm blankets and good meals. We must go to the streets so that we will remember in our bones, in the depths of our flesh.

Dr. King:
I am convinced that if we are to get on the right side of the world revolution, we as a nation must undergo a radical revolution of values. . . . We must rapidly begin the shift from a thing-oriented society to a person-oriented society. When machines and computers, profit motives and property rights, are considered more important than people, the giant triplets of racism, extreme materialism, and militarism are incapable of being conquered. A true revolution of values will soon cause us to question the fairness and justice of many of our past and present policies. On the one hand, we are called to play the Good Samaritan on life’s roadside, but that will be only an initial act. One day we must come to see that the whole Jericho Road must be transformed so that men and women will not be constantly beaten and robbed as they make their journey on life’s highway. True compassion is more than flinging a coin to a beggar. It comes to see that an edifice which produces beggars needs restructuring. A true revolution of values will soon look uneasily on the glaring contrast of poverty and wealth. With righteous indignation, it will look across the seas and see individual capitalists of the West investing huge sums of money in Asia, Africa, and South America, only to take the profits out with no concern for the social betterment of the countries, and say, “This is not just.” It will look at our alliance with the landed gentry of South America and say, “This is not just.” The Western arrogance of feeling that it has

everything to teach others and nothing to learn from them is not just.

A true revolution of values will lay hand on the world order and say of war; “This way of settling differences is not just.” This business of burning human beings with napalm, of filling our nation’s homes with orphans and widows, of injecting poisonous drugs of hate into the veins of peoples normally humane, of sending [men and women] home from dark and bloody battlefields physically handicapped and psychologically deranged, cannot be reconciled with wisdom, justice, and love. A nation that

continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.

It is only after walking the streets, waiting in the soup lines, panhandling for change to get a cup of coffee, praying that the rain won’t come before the library opens, and searching and searching for some place to use the bathroom, that we will come to know in our bones and be able to shout with all our courage:
This is not just!
Only then will we be able to speak out of our own lives and say to a city with no public toilets:
This is not just!
To a city that tears down housing for the poor to build housing for the rich:
This is not just!
To a city that cares more for its visitors with money to spend than for its residents who are poor:
This is not just!
To a city that educates wealthy young people to be doctors using the bodies of the poor but then refuses to fund their healing process:
This is not just!
To a city that continues to fill the jails with the homeless poor:
This is not just!
To a state that makes it easier and easier to kill other children of God through state murder:
This is not just!
To a city that publicly declares a commitment to end homelessness while refusing to actually house the homeless:
This is not just!
Only after being on the streets will we be able to shout with all our courage to a city that year after year supports corporations and real estate developers at the cost of programs of social uplift:
This is not just!

Dr. King:
Now let us begin. Now let us rededicate ourselves to the long and bitter, but beautiful, struggle for a new world. This is the calling of the [sons and daughters] of God, and our [sisters and brothers] wait eagerly for our response. Shall we say the odds are too great? Shall we tell them the struggle is too hard? Will our message be that the forces of American life militate against their arrival as full [men and women], and we send our deepest regrets? Or will there be another message — of longing, of hope, of solidarity with their yearnings, of commitment to their cause, whatever the cost? The choice is ours, and though we might prefer it otherwise, we must choose in this crucial moment of human history. As that noble bard of yesterday, James Russell Lowell, eloquently stated: Once to every man and nation comes a moment to decide, In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side; Some great cause, God’s new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight, And the choice goes by forever ‘twixt that darkness and that light. Though the cause of evil prosper; yet ‘tis truth alone is strong Though her portions be the scaffold, and upon the throne be wrong Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own. And if we will only make the right choice, we will be able to transform this pending cosmic elegy into a creative psalm of peace. If we will make the right choice, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our world into a beautiful symphony of [brotherhood and sisterhood]. If we will but make the right choice, we will be able to speed up the day, all over America and all over the world, when justice will roll down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream.

We go into Holy Week, out into the streets following Jesus, who entered the city on a donkey. We follow Jesus into the heart of the city to bear in our bones and in our flesh the cries of his suffering, to weep with him over the death that prevails in our city. We follow Jesus into the heart of the city where leaders make deals in back rooms that usher life and surplus for some and suffering and death for many.

Jesus rode into Jerusalem with his hands full of hope, full of vision that another way of life is possible. Now we stand with delicate yet indestructible hope in our hands. We have another world in view. There is a power, however fragile it may seem in our hands, that love is greater than evil, life is greater than death, mercy is greater than war. Let us follow this one whom Martin Luther King followed into the heart of the empire.

Let us follow this one who carries indestructible hope in his hands. ✠

The Power We Have, *continued from page 3*

people who kill people to show that killing people is wrong? What does this teach our children? Do we beat our children to teach them not to hit? Do we humiliate them to teach them to respect others? What do they really learn when we take them to Sunday School to learn that we must love our neighbors, but then they see us ignore homeless families living under a bridge on the way home?

And what do we do for our children when they are bullied at school? The day after the Blacksburg massacre, Eduard asked a young woman we met in a restaurant what she thought of the killings. Without even pausing, she said, "I can *totally* understand how it could happen. My brother is 15 years old and he's really overweight. He gets teased all the time and I can just see the anger building up in him. I can imagine him doing the same kind of thing." It startled us. But don't we all know people in this situation? And are we helping them find a way to deal with their feelings? Are we working with *all* the children to create more mutual support and less hostility? What is it in our common life that leads children to be so mean to each other?

Seung-Hui Cho needed mental health "services." But how well funded are the Virginia mental health centers and hospitals? Aren't they probably a lot like Georgia's? Most of the funding has been cut, and the "providers" are stretched way too thin; and though they would like to help, they are not allowed to keep patients long enough to do much good. Too many of the mentally ill are on the streets and in prisons and jails. If Mr. Cho had not killed himself, we would have been glad to spend millions of dollars to send him to Virginia's death row and eventually to execute him.

I once heard Lois Robison of Texas say, "My son is a diagnosed schizophrenic. We tried every way we knew how to get help for him. The psychiatric hospital discharged him when he was too old to be on our family health insurance and the money ran out. The state mental health services said they couldn't help him. Then he killed five people. Now they are spending millions of dollars to execute him [and eventually, he was executed]. What kind of sense does that make?" But few have wanted to hear this agonized cry from "the mother of a murderer."

Seung-Hui Cho's family agonized over his mental health as well. Now they will grieve and live in shame for the rest of their lives. Their son learned well the message of our culture: If you don't like somebody, get a gun and take him or her out. He needed help, but they could not find it. Part of Mr. Cho's letter to us said, "You have vandalized my heart, raped my soul and torched my conscience." And indeed, he acted, a neighbor recalled, "like he had a broken heart."

There are no quick, easy solutions here, which is one of the reasons we like the death penalty and war: These are quick, easy "solutions." What we need is hard, deep, persistent, relentless labor. We must question ourselves about our relationship with and, yes, our *responsibility* for Seung-Hui Cho and Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold and Ted Bundy and Carl Isaacs. They are a part of us, no matter how long and vociferously we deny it. Killing them or disassociating ourselves from them will only hurt us. They have grown out of the heart of our culture, and until we take a hard look at what that means, we will grow in our fear of one another, and our children will be more and more anxious, afraid and depressed.

America teaches us that power equals violent domination. The Gospel teaches us that power equals love, justice, sharing what we have, and mutual care. If we have anything to say in the face of such a terrible waste of human life and the destruction of community, it is that we must reject the official modeling of power as violence and domination. The spirit of our culture is sick and in need of radical healing and transformation. To see violence as a solution to anything, or to see violence as sport or recreation or entertainment, is to be dominated by the moral force of death. The Gospel would have us actively *intervene* in this twisted system to find a

Mother's Day, *continued from page 1*

From the voice of a devastated Earth a voice goes up with Our own. It says: "Disarm! Disarm!
The sword of murder is not the balance of justice."
Blood does not wipe out dishonor,
Nor violence indicate possession.
As men have often forsaken the plough and the anvil
At the summons of war,
Let women now leave all that may be left of home
For a great and earnest day of counsel.
Let them meet first, as women, to bewail and commemorate the dead.
Let them solemnly take counsel with each other as to the means
Whereby the great human family can live in peace...
Each bearing after their own time the sacred impress, not of Caesar,
But of God -
In the name of womanhood and humanity, I earnestly ask
That a general congress of women without limit of nationality,
May be appointed and held at someplace deemed most convenient
And the earliest period consistent with its objects,
To promote the alliance of the different nationalities,
The amicable settlement of international questions,
The great and general interests of peace.

Editor's Note: Julia Ward Howe is best known for writing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," but she also published a large volume of poetry, plays, articles and travel books. With her husband she was active in the cause of the abolition of slavery. By 1870, she had taken up the causes of world peace and equality, including women's suffrage. She saw too much of the realities of war, and called for women to rise up across national lines to recognize what we hold in common above what divides us, and to demand peaceful resolution of all conflicts. She hoped through her Mother's Day Proclamation to gather women together to act. When President Woodrow Wilson declared the first national Mother's Day in 1914, he had in mind a much less radical celebration. It's time to return to Howe's original intent. ♣



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

way out.

The story of the Blacksburg slaughter, like the story of Columbine and all the other blood-soaked tragedies, is a story about us, and the news is not good. We are spiraling down, sisters and brothers. Our culture is unraveling because we have not acted with energy and relentless effort. If we stand mute and helpless in the midst of this downward spiral, if we continue to spend our days in the pursuit of our own comfort, pleasure and entertainment, while our children and grandchildren are endangered by our passivity, we become accomplices in the slaughter.

We have a great power within and among us. It is the power of life and hope and transformation. And it's time to use the power that is ours for good and for healing: for stopping the shooting before it stops us all. ♣

Murphy Davis is a Partner at the Open Door Community.

Join us as a Resident Volunteer



Calvin Kimbrough

Resident Volunteer Matt Kubly joins the 910 Sunday Noon Peace Vigil on Ponce de Leon.

Live in a residential Christian community.

Serve Jesus Christ and the hungry, homeless, and imprisoned.

Join street actions and loud and loving non-violent demonstrations.

Enjoy regular retreats and meditation time at Dayspring Farm.

Join Bible study and theological reflections from the Base.

You might come to the margins and find your center.

Contact: Phil Leonard

at opendoorcomm@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7625

For information and application forms visit www.opendoorcommunity.org

SOA Watch



Calvin Kimbrough

Mike Vosburg-Casey reported on Tuesday, April 17 to FCI Jesup, about four hours driving-time south-east of Atlanta. He is serving a sentence of 100 days. His address: Michael Vosburg-Casey 92955-020 JESUP FCI 2650 301 South Jesup, GA 31599 mikevcinprison@gmail.com

for information about SOA Watch: www.SOAW.org

this year give HOSPITALITY

A \$7 donation covers a year's worth of *Hospitality* for a prisoner, a friend, or yourself. To give the gift of *Hospitality*, please fill out, clip, and send this form to:

Open Door Community
910 Ponce de Leon Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306-4212

____ Please add me (or my friend) to the *Hospitality* mailing list.

____ Please accept my tax deductible donation to the Open Door Community.

____ I would like to explore a six- to twelve-month commitment as a Resident Volunteer at the Open Door. Please contact me. (Also see www.opendoorcommunity.org for more information about RV opportunities.)

Name _____

Address _____

Email _____

Phone _____



**volunteer
needs
at the
Open Door Community**

- ◆ People to accompany community members to doctors' appointments
- ◆ Groups or individuals to make individually wrapped meat and cheese sandwiches (no bologna or pb&j, please) on whole-wheat bread for our homeless and hungry friends
- ◆ People to cook or bring supper for the Community on certain Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday evenings
- ◆ Volunteers for Monday and Tuesday breakfasts and for Wednesday and Thursday soup kitchens
- ◆ A Dentist within a 40 mile radius of Atlanta who would provide care for long-term Partners at the Open Door Community
- ◆ Volunteers to help staff our foot clinic on Thursday evenings

For more information, contact Chuck Harris at
odcvolunteer@bellsouth.net
or 770.246.7627.

STAND UP!, *continued from page 5*

them and their families a decent living;

• *The right of every businessperson, large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home or abroad;*

• *The right of every family to a decent home;*
• *The right to adequate medical care and the opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health;*

• *The right to adequate protection from the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident, and unemployment;*

• *The right to a good education.*

All of these rights spell security. And after this war is won, we must be prepared to move forward, in the implementation of these rights, to new goals of human happiness and well-being.

America's own rightful place in the world depends in large part upon how fully these and similar rights have been carried into practice for our citizens.

Thank you, President Roosevelt.

Jesse Jackson and other leaders of the Black Liberation Movement opted not for the radical King but for a fair slice of the American Pie. They called for, and got, black folk on the boards of Coca-Cola and other giants in the world of corruption. They got the Body of Jesus Christ to invest in Wall Street securities and investment programs to strengthen American consumer capitalism.

This is not what Dr. King had in mind. King called for "a radical restructuring of the architecture of American society." King's dream would have Coke quit consuming water rights in our world, cost five cents a returnable bottle, and add nutrition to the brown sugar water.

King wants us, the Radical Remnant, in the streets, not in the suites. Only a mass movement can effect the revolution to which King calls us in these early years of the 21st century. We, the Radical Remnant, must tear this system down. Dorothy Day tells us, "Our problems stem from our acceptance of this filthy rotten system." Why do we accept the death of the poor? White racism? War? Hunger? SUVs? Billionaires? We must tear it down with love for all, non-violent direct action, sharing the bread of life and table with all people of good will and even our enemies. We must continue what is happening: We are rebuilding political power, strong discipline, and a maturing progressive movement.

(5) I finish with a plea to African Americans of the Radical Remnant. King said it before the white bullet drowned his eyes in red blood, and recently other black preachers of the gospel of Jesus continue this aim and purpose: Black people must free whites from white racism and white supremacy.

I am a white man, well fed, housed, transported and traveled, educated, Christian, and a member of the Radical Remnant. Yet I am a racist. I have privilege that shapes my inner life. I often feel I am superior to African Americans though I do not want to feel that way. "The good that I want to do I cannot do; and that which I would not do, I do."

Whether we like it or not, whether it is politically correct for me to write it or not, basic to the question of white racism is this: How will we white folk get free from ourselves and our deformed hearts and minds? If white folks (and Elijah Mohammed did have a point, didn't he?) can be redeemed from our racism, there is hope for the whole world and hope for an end to terrorism, not to mention a new and radical resource for justice and equality for all people. Can you imagine a world in which you expect a white person to treat the poor and people of color with respect and dignity, with welcome and hospitality, with concern and a political agenda of "enough for all"?

Now, it is true that approximations of liberation precede friendship; strides toward equality and justice precede maturing love. Nonetheless, whites need forgiveness, teaching,

encouragement, understanding, and love to be able to take the shackles from our legs, the cuffs from our wrists, and the bars from our hearts. After all is said and done, we are one. We are sisters and brothers.

By 1966, with the rise of Black Power and SNCC's position excluding white membership, Dr. King made it plain that he would not retreat from "black and white together" even if he were the only black person in the circle. With his feet about four inches apart, enclosed in polished shoes, tied and ready to walk, yet hesitating a moment on the balcony of the Lorraine Hotel, he still believed and practiced the dream of the redemption of white people. Just then a white man on behalf of a white system shot him dead. Jesus died, in part, because he wanted to bring good news to Gentiles and Samaritans and he healed Roman soldiers. King was bullet-lynched, in part, because white racism could not accept his love and hope for a revolution of values. So I cry out to you, my African American friends, sisters and brothers, give us a handout. Give us a hand-up. Help us up the rough side of the mountain. We have met the racists and they are us!

Finally, I make a plea to middle- and upper-class blacks, blacks on city councils and in mayors' offices, to African American police officers, and to the evil dimensions of gangsta rap, which is misogynist, violent, and drug-addicted, and won't vote. And I cry out to proponents of the blasphemy of our age, the Prosperity Gospel: Let us give up our love of death, be it white or black. Let us all come home to the one humanity, which on the good earth does dwell. Let us be friends.

Let us hammer our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning knives. Nations will never again go to war; never prepare for battle again. Everyone will live in peace among our own vineyards and fig trees, and no one will make us afraid. The God of the Oppressed has promised this.

For Dr. King as for the prophet Micah, the key to happiness and love is economic justice. The key to ending racism is economic equality. ✦



Rita Corbin

A New Love, *continued from page 4*

her blood sugar under control.

She thanked me for taking the time to help her learn how to use her machine. She reminded me that she couldn't have done it without my help. And then, she did something that none of my Petri dishes in the laboratory had ever done for me: She gave me a hug.

I thought back to the week of our lessons. I smiled, thinking of my ridiculous preoccupation with that stack of flashcards — a preoccupation with performing well on tests and gaining the approval of my instructors. Suffice it to say that I didn't do as well on the test as I could have, but looking at Miss B, I would venture to say that I am a better doctor for it.

While much of medical school is directed at teaching students how to take tests, service is an activity that teaches both novice students and veteran physicians to be better doctors. I fervently believe that the hundreds of hours I spent at the Open Door this year were outstanding preparation for my future career as a physician.

I cannot help but think that my Grandmother Zeigler — the same one who always seemed to chuckle at my "plans" — is somewhere smiling and laughing at me right now. The life of laboratory research that I charted out for myself is drastically different from the life I am now pursuing. Nevertheless, my desire to embark upon a career of service never changed, but both the way in which I want to serve and the sense of joy I find in that service have been wholly transformed. ✦

Grace and Peaces of Mail

Dear Eduard and Murphy,

With the immoral, senseless war — an increase in corporate and government greed and corruption — and reckless despots running our country, it has been a tough year. But, a new year is upon us bringing a fresh start and a renewal of hope through prayer.

And we must remain patriotic! As Mark Twain said, “A patriot is someone who supports his country always — and his government *when they deserve it*.” And President Teddy Roosevelt said that if you are convinced your country is wrong it is not only unpatriotic not to complain it is immoral. Enough of that.

This year Pat and I have been overly blessed — especially with a lovely new daughter-in-law and a new grandson. Our whole tribe 6 kids and 15 grandkids enjoyed the huge blessing of good health. Thanks be to God. We pray for the continued grace of wisdom, compassion, patience and stamina for you to continue His Holy work with our poorest. And until we meet again my God hold you in the hollow of Her hand.

Rich and Pat Meehan
Rolling Hills Estates, California

Editor's note: Dr. Rich Meehan has for many years volunteered to run the dental clinic for the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, and we have been pleased to have Rich and Pat visit the Open Door several times. Los Angeles is a long way from Ponce de Leon, so the Open Door Community is looking for a dentist like Rich in the Atlanta area — can you help us?

Dear Murphy, Eduard, Open Door Community,

Thank you for the continuing news of the Open Door through *Hospitality*. And thanks for Murphy's remission.

Best wishes and prayers for your 26th year,
Fred Page
Cambridge, England

Editor's note: Fred and Ellenruth Page are retired professors in England who were a part of a course taught by Murphy and Eduard on the Isle of Iona, Scotland several years ago.

Dear Murphy and Eduard,

Please accept this small donation to the Open Door in honor of my mother, Henna Elka, may her memory be for a blessing.

And may the creator continue to bless you and your entire community for doing such amazing work, and for so many years! Thanks for continuing to make sure that *Hospitality* graces our mailbox with news from Atlanta.

All the best to you and all the friends and family at the Open Door.

Shalom,
Susan, Richard, Ezra and Korey Silverman
Tucson, Arizona



Rita Corbin

Dear Ed (Agitator), Murphy and the Crew,

I thought it would be legit to wish you the joy of Christmas in March! Thanks so much for the book. It's a joy to be connected to your lives and witness. I'm in Cincinnati — recently started a Masters in Theology at Xavier University, and about to start a job with the Glenmary Home Missioners. My mom's Leukemia has come back so we are sad about that. I hope to visit you all soon.

Merry Christmas all year long,
Mary Ellen Mitchell
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear People-in-Ministry,

I read and share your publication; I find your articles impressive, stories and opinions that reach down into the core of one's being. To support your work with prayer, stamp-collection and a token donation now-and-then is a privilege as well as an “obligation” of love.

Thank you for letting me share another gift with you.

Sincerely,
Sister Donalda Kehoe, OSF
Dubuque, Iowa



Rita Corbin

...What interests me most is the recent issue of *Hospitality* (March 2007) that contained Eduard's great Prayer for the Homeless Poor, plus the response to Dave Higgins plus Larry Cox on MLK and Calvin Kimbrough's pictures plus Lauren Cogswell at Guantanamo — and more!

Harold Berman
Emory University School of Law

Editor's note: Harold Berman has been Professor of International Law at Emory since he retired from the Harvard Law School faculty in 1988. Hal and Ruth are members of the Open Door Worshiping Community.

Dear Open Door,

Please send me a copy of the book “Sharing the Bread of Life” by Peter Gathje. Murphy remains in our prayers. A coworker recently donated his bone marrow to someone needing a transplant. He was a member of the Iowa National Guard. He was tissue typed by the National Guard and six months later he was called. I've been on the donor list since 1987 and I've never been called. Tell Murphy to hang in there.

Daniel Bednar
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Dear Eduard and all the brothers and sisters at the Open Door,

Thank you so very much for sending us a copy of the latest history of The Open Door Community (Morgan has gone off with it on his weekly trek into the Library of Congress — he snatched it up as soon as I finished it). Your witness is so inspiring and helps keep that “little light” burning for so many of us. God bless each and every one of you in the wonderful work you do.

We are so glad to hear how well Murphy is doing. She has been in my prayers for many years and will continue to be so. Our God is an awesome God!

D.C. can be a very depressing place to live but working with a free immigration clinic sponsored by our very diverse Methodist Church and an interfaith shelter helps remind me that good people and God's grace still abound.

Shalom
Rosalie Johnson
Sterling, Virginia

Dear Ed and Murphy,

We have many fond and challenging memories of your visit to Iona in 2002 and think regularly of your work, and appreciate the witness of your *Hospitality* magazine.

We think another donation to ‘resistance underpants’ is long overdue, and want to send it from the UK.

Thank you for your inspiration.

Love,
Roy and Eva Tuff
Derbyshire, United Kingdom

Editor's note: Roy and Eva were most impressed with the Open Door's regular purchase of underwear for our homeless friends and the lack of public toilets in our city.

Friends,

My modest gift is given in gratitude for the light and spirit you fling out across the land, even as far as Dallas — you encourage me!

Love,
Rita Clarke
Farmers Branch, Texas

Since the death of MaryRuth I can't get you all out of my mind. I imagine the pain you must suffer and the loss you feel. Now that I'm writing I don't know what I want to say. When your health was in crisis the first thing I said each day upon awakening was “Murphy and Eduard”, now I add Ed (Weir) to that plea.

We eagerly await the next issue of *Hospitality*, it's always so challenging and at the same time, assuring. You are there and faithful!

Well, don't the recent executions in Bagdad show us just how barbarous is the death penalty, and we don't even have TV to be confronted with the graphics. It makes me sick.

John joins me in sending lots of love to you all, and may the peace of God...

Dorothy “Nikki” Day
Hinton, West Virginia

Editor's note: Nikki Day and John Parfitt have been friends since they were members of Koinonia Partners in the 1980's and '90's.



Dear Ed and Murphy,

Your dynamic, creative ways among God's poor and all with whom you come in contact feed my spirit and keep me going — trying to catch up in some form.

Thank you so much for “Sharing the Bread of Life.” It'll be delightful reading — there's so much about Open Door that I still don't know — yet your spirit and the way things are carried on there continue to bring nourishment to us all. Dave Buer is here in Las Vegas for a Pace e Bene gathering.

Louie Vitale and I just returned from D.C. on Monday and we each have at least 3 court cases pending. I expect we'll be spending at least a few days in the joint along the way — a small price to pay for what's happening these days. We were among the 222 arrested at the White House last Friday night.

I pray that your legacy of hope continues. You'll be thought of and prayed for on every page of “Sharing the Bread of Life.” I think of Eduard with gratitude for the special gift of a visit and Eucharist at Crisp County Jail on Christmas Day 2002 [where Jerry and Toni Flynn were serving a sentence for protesting the School of the Americas].

Holy Week blessing,
Father Jerry Zawada
Las Vegas, Nevada

Open Door Community Ministries

Breakfast & Sorting Room: Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 – 8 a.m.

Showers & Sorting Room: Wednesday and Thursday, 8 a.m.

Soup Kitchen: Wednesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. – 12 noon.

Use of Phone: Monday and Tuesday, 6:45 a.m. – 8:15 a.m.

Wednesday and Thursday, 9 a.m. – 12 noon.

Harriet Tubman Medical and Foot Care Clinic:

Thursday, 6:45 - 9 p.m.

Clarification Meetings: some Tuesdays, 7:30 – 9 p.m.

Weekend Retreats: Four times each year for our household, volunteers and supporters.

Prison Ministry: Monthly trip to prisons in Hardwick, Georgia, in partnership with First Presbyterian Church of Milledgeville; The Jackson (Death Row) Trip; Pastoral visits in various jails and prisons.

We are open...

Sunday: We invite you to worship with us at 5 p.m., and join us following worship for a delicious supper.

We are open from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. for donations.

Monday through Thursday: We answer telephones from 9 a.m. until 12 noon and from 2 until 6 p.m. We gratefully accept donations from 9 until 11 a.m. and 2 until 8:30 p.m.

Friday and Saturday: We are closed. We are not able to offer hospitality or accept donations on these days.

Our Hospitality Ministries also include visitation and letter writing to prisoners in Georgia, anti-death penalty advocacy, advocacy for the homeless, daily worship and weekly Eucharist.

Join Us for Worship!

We gather for worship and Eucharist at 5 p.m. each Sunday, followed by supper together.

Our worship space is limited, so if you are considering bringing a group please contact us at 770.246.7628. Please visit www.opendoorcommunity.org or call us for the most up-to-date worship schedule.

- | | |
|---------|---|
| May 6 | Worship at 9 10
Nelia Kimbrough preaching |
| May 13 | Worship at 9 10
Faith Kirkham-Hawkings preaching |
| May 20 | Worship at 9 10
Eucharist Service and
music with Elise Witt |
| May 20 | Worship at 9 10
Pentecost Celebration |
| June 3 | Worship at 9 10
Derrick Boazman preaching |
| June 10 | Worship at 9 10
Eucharist Service |
| June 17 | Worship at 9 10
Eucharist Service |



Calvin Kimbrough

Maundy Thursday at City Hall

Clarification Meetings at the Open Door

We meet for clarification on selected Tuesday evenings from 7:30 - 9 p.m.

Plan to join us for discussion and reflection!



Daniel Nichols

For the latest information and scheduled topics, please call 404.874.9652 or visit www.opendoorcommunity.org.

Medicine Needs List

Harriet Tubman Medical Clinic

ibuprofen
lubriderm lotion
cough drops
non-drowsy allergy tablets
cough medicine (alcohol free)

Foot Care Clinic

epsom salt
anti-bacterial soap
shoe inserts
corn removal pads
exfoliation cream (e.g., apricot scrub)
pumice stones
foot spa
cuticle clippers
latex gloves
nail files (large)
toenail clippers (large)
medicated foot powder
antifungal cream (Tolfanate)

We are also looking for volunteers to help staff our Foot Care Clinic on Thursday evenings!

Needs of the Community



Chad Hyatt

Living Needs

- ☐ jeans
- ☐ men's work shirts
- ☐ men's belts (34" & up)
- ☐ men's underwear
- ☐ socks
- ☐ reading glasses
- ☐ walking shoes (especially 9 1/2 and up)
- ☐ T-shirts (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)
- ☐ baseball caps
- ☐ MARTA tokens
- ☐ postage stamps
- ☐ trash bags (30 gallon, .85 mil)

Personal Needs

- ☐ shampoo (full size)
- ☐ shampoo (travel size)
- ☐ lotion (travel size)
- ☐ toothpaste (travel size)
- ☐ combs & pics
- ☐ hair brushes
- ☐ lip balm
- ☐ soap
- ☐ multi-vitamins
- ☐ disposable razors
- ☐ deodorant
- ☐ vaseline
- ☐ shower powder
- ☐ Q-tips

Food Needs

- ☐ turkeys
- ☐ hams
- ☐ sandwiches
- ☐ quick grits

Special Needs

- ☐ backpacks
- ☐ single bed mattresses
- ☐ bed pillows

From 11 a.m. until 2 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday, our attention is focused on serving the soup kitchen and household lunch. As much as we appreciate your coming, this is a difficult time for us to receive donations. When you can come before 11 a.m. or after 2 p.m., it would be helpful. THANK YOU!